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Editor & Publisher.

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CHICAGO.—A YEAR'S WORK.

We know of no words which will convey to persons residing outside of Chicago an idea of what has been done in the way of rebuilding the city, than to say that, beginning on April 15, 1872, and ending Dec. 1, 1872, excluding Sundays, counting 200 working days, and each day of eight hours, there will be completed one brick, stone, or iron building, 25 feet front; and from 4 to 6 stories high, for each hour of that time. In other words the buildings of that size and character completed and that will be completed by Dec. 1, will average one for each 60 minutes of 200 days of 8 hours each.

This estimate, which will fall below the actual fact, does not include the many stone, brick, iron, and wooden buildings built outside of the burned district, and which alone equal the ordinary new buildings put up in Chicago annually. There is no precedent in the world's history of such a growth; no precedent for such energy and bravery by a people who, within the year had seen $200,000,000 of their propery destroyed by fire.

The extraordinary achievement in rebuilding Chicago is not confined to the number of new buildings, but applies equally to their size and their superiority in construction and materials. It will strike those familiar with Chicago before the fire that, while four stories was the general height of business blocks at that time, the present buildings, as a general thing, are at least one story higher, thus adding one-fifth to the warehouse capacity. While the brick structures still bear a large proportion to the whole number of new edifices; the proportion of stone fronts has largely increased—that material superceding in many cases the iron fronts. Another peculiarity of the new buildings is the greatly increased number of double and treble stores; that is stores having 50 and 75 feet, and in many cases, 100 feet front.

While this rebuilding has been going on, the business of Chicago has grown with marvellous rapidity. It has not been confined to any one branch of trade. Excluding the immense trade in building materials, the regular commerce of the city has surpassed even the increase of the past. It is not extravagant to say that the dry goods trade of 1872 will be 50 per cent, greater than that of any year before the fire. We have increased by many additions the number of wholesale dealers in dry goods and yet there is no old house that has not nearly doubled its trade and no new house that has not entered upon a prosperous business.

The same may be said of all branches of the wholesale trade. In boots and shoes, millinery, straw goods, hats, caps, furs, cloths and clothing, groceries, oils, paints, glass, crockery and glass ware, iron, steel and hollow-ware, and, in fact in every branch of wholesale trade, the sales of Chicago have never equalled those which have followed the resumption of business after the fire.

The general branch of our trade has been attended with an increase of all branches of manufacture; new shops, foundries, and all kinds of establishments for skilled labor have multiplied, giving the character of busy hives to many districts which, before the fire were unoccupied prairie.

A result of this increase in trade is shown in the rentals of the new buildings, although there is some backwardness about moving back on the part of merchants who made new and cheaper locations immediately after the fire.—Though the number of buildings adapted to business purposes will be greatly increased, this increase will soon be taken up. Merchants who, before the fire, found room enough in a single store of 25 feet front and four stories high, now as a general thing, demand for their increased trade, a building 50 feet front and as high it can be safely built. There are now no "back" or "side" streets in the burnt district. Every street is a thoroughfare, and every block is a business quarter.

This vast labor has not been without an increase in the business of all the great transportation companies tributary to the city. Nor has all this been accomplished without a corresponding increase in population. In June 1870, the federal census gave us a population of 299,227, and a year later the directory census gave us 334,279. When it is remembered all that has been done in Chicago since January last, and the increase of trade in every branch of industry, it will not surprise any person to know that our population, to-day, is at least 400,000, a part of which, however, is probably transient.

The world's great charity to Chicago in the hours of her distress was followed in time by more substantial evidence of the world's hopeful confidence in Chicago. There begun with the year a flow of capital which has been invested here by men from all parts of the country and of Europe. There has hardly been a day since New Year's that our banks have not had abundance of money to lend. The reviving prosperity of the city was substantially shown in the necessity for an increased number of savings banks. These institutions have now on deposit the savings of the workmen and others who have found employment here. There are three savings banks now where one existed before the fire,—The new ones have found plenty of business, and the old ones have doubled their deposits.

Outside of the burnt district there have been erected dwellings for this increased population, together with the local stores and warehouses required for the increased retail trade. The whole city has put on activity, and, go where one will, he will meet the surprisng evidences of that increase in trade, manufactures, population and rise in real estate, which are indubitable evidences of the permanent prosperity of Chicago.

To the north of Chicago, extending along the lakeshore, are a succession of villages rapiply filling up; to the south, extending to the parks, the same rapid settlement is progressing; wile beyond the old western border of the city, within the last six months, a population has settled which equals that of the whole city twenty years ago. This will give to non residents a faint idea of Chicago one year after the Great Fire.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SALLIE'S BEDTIME.

A father not very far from here, read in the paper the other morning, that the "Utica girls who want their beaux to go home the same night they call, pull a string at the proper hour, which reverses a picture, on the back of which appears the words, 'Ten o'clock is my bedtime."

This father, who had a daughter given to late hours when a certain youth sits up and helps her keep them, thought he would try this Utica plan; so he wrote in large characters on the back of a huge portrait of George Washington this inscription: "10 O'CLOCK IS SALLIE'S BEDTIME."

Then he arranged the picture so that when he attached a string to the frame he could reverse it from his bed chamber. But when Sallie entered the room an hour later, æsthetic eye was outraged by observing the portrait of George hanging slightly out of plumb, so to speak, and in adjusting it her father's little game was revealed in all its subtle ingenuity.

Sallie was not a Utica girl, however, so she just went to work and neatly effaced the figure "0," leaving the 1 standing solitary and upright—which, you will observe, made a few hours difference in her bedtime. That night, as usual, Sallie received a visit from her young man—which his front name it was Henry—and her paternal parent attached his string to G. W.'s portrait and retired to his downy couch.

About 10 o'clock, while Henry and Sallie were deeply absorbed in some knotty problem, with their heads so contiguous that you could not insert a piece of tissue paper between them, the Father of his Country suddenly turned his face to the wall, as if he was ashamed to gaze upon such doings. Henry, with a sudden start, glanced at the picture and saw the handwriting on the wall, as it were, which read, "1 o'clock is Sallie's bedtime." Then Henry looked at Sallie with an interrogation in his eye, which was partly dispelled by the fair-maid murmuring, "It's all right." Henry said of course it was all rigth; that he had long known 1 o'clock was her bedtime, and he thought it was plenty late enough too, for a young girl to be out of bed but what business, he said had Washington's portrait to be flopping about in that way? Then Sallie explained, and the twain resumed work on the problem, Henry putting his arm around Sallie to prevent her falling off the chair.

Meantime the old man was listening for the front door to open, and his would-be son in law's footsteps pattering over the pavement with the toes of his boots pointing from the house. These sounds not falling on his ears, and thinking the old thing didn't work right, he gave the string another pull, and George W. again faced the audience. Then he listened, but he heard no footsteps—nothing but a peculiar sound, something resembling the popping of champagne corks.

Then he grew cross, and gave the string another jerk, causing G. W. to turn about with violent suddenness just as if he was dreadfully out of humor, too.

And still all is quiet below—except that popping sound.

Then the string was pulled again—and again—and again—indicating that the old fellow was just ready to explode with rage. And for fully fifteen minutes did he have the portrait of the man who could not tell a lie turning excited flip-flaps and things on the wall, like a bewildered gymnast, until he fell asleep exhausted—Sallie's father fell asleep, not the portrait.

Henry kissed Sallie good night at 1 o'clock a. m, remarking, as he did so, that it would seem like a long, long, weary year ere he would see her again—because, you know, he didn't expect to see her again until the evening of that day.

The next morning her father examined that portrait, and when he fully understood the situation, he was pained. He shed a silent tear, detached the string, sponged out the inscription, and walked with the weight of fifty-five years on his shoulders—that being his age. He says a girl who will go back on her father in that way would just as lief as not disgrace her parents by marrying a Congressman.

Despite the fact that the English commission reports the existence of 90,207,000,000 tons of coal in the coal fields of Great Britain, many careful scientific and thouroughly practical observers insist that the amount of available coal in the beds does not exceed about thirty-nine thousand millions tons. At the present rate of consumption, this would be just about enough to last the country seventy five years; and the interesting conundrum, What then? somewhat forcibly suggests itself to the inquiring British mind. What with short crops, and revolutionary sentiments among the masses, and labor reform question, and church and state difficulties, and invasion fears, and now prospect of no fuel inside a century, the little isle of the seas has most emphatically got her hands full for at least quite a time ahead.

The Khedive of Egypt is now the richest man in the world. His yearly income is $50,000,000; and he has twenty-five richly-furnished palaces within the walls of Cairo. He is vastly more progressive than the sultan, his Turkish master; is rapidly extending his dominions, building railroads and making commercial improvements, and will ultimately become independent of Turkish domination. He is at present making arrangements for the construction of a railroad up the Nile to Dongola, and thence across the desert to Londan, which country he will make one of his own provinces. It has been remarked of him that "the viceroy, upon any throne in Europe, would be the greatest monarch of the age." He is not only a prince, but a merchant, a capitalist, a statesman, and a cultivator.

A curious calculation has been made lately by a savant, well known in Paris for his peculiar antipathy to the fly. He collected 3,000 flies in a room measuring two cubic meters. On the floor he spread a pound of loaf sugar. At the end of four days he went to investigate the result of his experiment. There remained a teaspoonful of sugar. This statician, therefore, calculates that, sugar being at the rate of thirteen cents a pound, a fly costs the country twenty cents from its birth to its demise, that is, if fed on loaf sugar.

A man living in Humphrys county, Tennessee, recently put strychnine on a sheep's carcass, and repented before he dug the grave of the last forty dogs found on the spot the next morning.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

There has been hanging around the quiet little village of Aullville, for some time, a man by the name of Rogers, who is very much addicted to drinking, and, in fact, to such an excess that he becomes a bore to the town. In order to get rid of him a plan was devised by some of the fun-loving boys of that place, and it was decided that when next found drunk he should be placed in a box and shipped per express.

They had not long to wait for the opportunity, and he was given the fit of a very neat pine box, which contained a few holes sufficient for ventilation. He was placed aboard the train and billed for Lexington "this side up with care." To see the joke carried out, and that nothing serious happened the box, about half a dozen or more of the young Aluvillians went up on the train with the box. But proving a little indiscreet in showing too much attention to the box, the conductor "smelt a mice" and had it put off at the little village of Higginsville.

Anyway, the boys were not to be defeated in having their fun. The night was lovely, and fair Luna was lending her mellow rays to the solemnity of the occasion. Several chairs were sent for, and the box coffin was placed upon the chairs on the platform and all arrangements speedily made. The lid was unscrewed and slipped back sufficient to show his face. The men stood around with heads uncovered, and the scene was as quiet as the tomb. There he lay, the sleeping beauty, placed in the *role* of a "live corpse." The band of faithful followers then began in a solemn and tremulous tone the song,

"Unveil the bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure in thy trust."

The corpse moved, opened his eyes, then smacked his mouth. A moment more and he was fully interested. Yes, he was brought a sitting the first effort—singing still going on—he eyed the crowd and then the box; he grew pale and began to shake

"Boys, what is the matter? Am I dead?"

No answer, and singing still going on.

"Angels, where am I?"

"In the cold and silent tomb," came from a deep and solemn voice.

"Let us pray," was said, and at these words the coffin went one way and the subject the other. Up the street he went like the d—l was after him—and surely the poor soul thought it—for every cuss took after him with all the unearthly yells that ever greeted mortal ears. He called on legs to faithfully serve the body once, and they did it up in style.

The last seen of him he was going over the hill, with his hair streaming in the wind and with looks as wild as a maniac.

It happened he got on the road that led back to Aullville, and the poor fellow on arriving there was so scared and exhausted that he required close attention until his nerves could be regained. He has now made up his mind to join the Good Templars and study for the ministry.—*Sedalia (Mo.) Bazoo.*

James Gorden Bennett, late editor of the New York *Herald*, left a large bequest to his wife, upon the condition that she remained a widow. This condition will be set aside by the court. It has been judiciously decided over and over again that all conditions in restraint of marriage are opposed to public policy, and are simply null and void. Mrs Bennett is much younger than her late husband, and may marry again.

A New York manufacturer noticed that in one room the girls were merry and in another melancholy. He investigated and found that the gloomy room was colored with yellow ochre, the other with whitewash. He applied white wash to the yellow room, and universal happiness was the result. He got the idea noticing how happy it made the custom house officers.—*Boston Post.*

Senator Wilson rode about Titusville, Penn., last Friday, in company with Simon Cameron and Gen. Hartranft, and subsequently spoke at the same mass meeting with them. He must have been proud of such excellent associates. The Springfield *Republican* says of him: "Nice company and nice business for a Massachusetts senator to be in!"

A Scotch landlord was seated one day on the hillside of Bonally with a Scotch shepherd, and seeing the sheep reposing in what he thought the coldest situation, he observed to him: "John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the others side of the hill." The shepherd answered: "Ay, my loard; but if you had been a sheep, ye wad have had maire sense."

"Ma'am," said a quack to a nervous old lady, "Pray, doctor, what is that?" "It is the drooping of the nerves, ma'am; the nerves having fallen into the pizzirintum, the chest becomes morbeous, and head goes tizarizen, tizarizen." "Ah! doctor," exclaimed the old lady, "you have described my feelings exactly."

"How many regular boarders have you?" asked a census-taker of a lady. "Well, really, I cant say as any of them are very regular. They stay out." "I mean, madam, how many steady boarders have you?" "Well, really, out of the nineteen there's not more than two that I'd call steady.

A philosopher says: "I never yet heard a man or woman much abused that I was not inclined to think the better of them, and transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take a delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow-creature."

Visitor: "How long has your master been away?" Irish footman: "Well, sorr, if he come home yisterday, he'd a been gone a wake to-morrow, but ev he doan't return the day afther to-morrow he'll a' been gone away a fortnight next Thursday!"

A Salt Lake City actress awoke a few nights ago and found a burgler in her room. She instantly sprang up and turned on the full power of her voice in a blood curdling stage scream. Dashing down her jewel box, the burglar left with standing hair.